TOMB OF DRACULA

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THE TOMB OF DRACULA™

LORD OF VAMPIRES!

COMICDOM'S NUMBER 1 FEAR MAGAZINE

MY SON IS DEAD, LET THE WORLD BEWARE!

THE WRATH OF DRACULA!

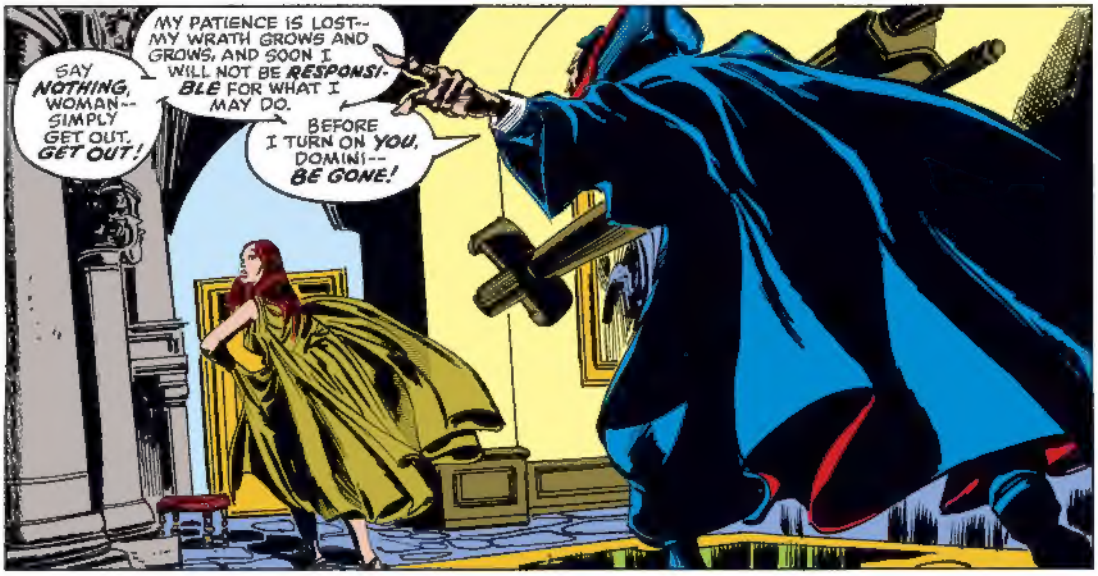
THE MOST INCREDIBLE SHOCK STORY OF ALL!

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die.* Today, *Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing,* and *Blade,* the Vampire Slayer— stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **TOMB OF DRACULA!** ™

MARV WOLFMAN — WRITER / EDITOR | GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER — ARTISTS WITHOUT PEER | JOE ROSEN — LETTERER | MARIE SEVERIN — COLORIST

JANUS, THE SON OF DRACULA, IS DEAD-- SHOT BY SATANIST ANTON LUPESKI, WHO DRACULA MURDERED IN TURN.
NO! NO! I REFUSE TO ACCEPT IT! JANUS CANNOT BE DEAD!
NOT MY SON... NOT MY SOLE HEIR!
NO!
MY HUSBAND... PLEASE--
THAT WAS LESS THAN ONE HOUR AGO, AND THE RAGING ANGER WHICH FORCED THE VAMPIRE LORD TO LEAVE HIS DARK CHURCH-- TO VENT HIS SWELLING WRATH ELSEWHERE, HAS BROUGHT HIM BACK TO THIS STAINED-GLASS BATTLEFIELD BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL.
THE WRATH OF DRACULA!


SAY NOTHING, WOMAN--SIMPLY GET OUT. GET OUT!
MY PATIENCE IS LOST--MY WRATH GROWS AND GROWS, AND SOON I WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT I MAY DO.
BEFORE I TURN ON YOU, DOMINI--BE GONE!

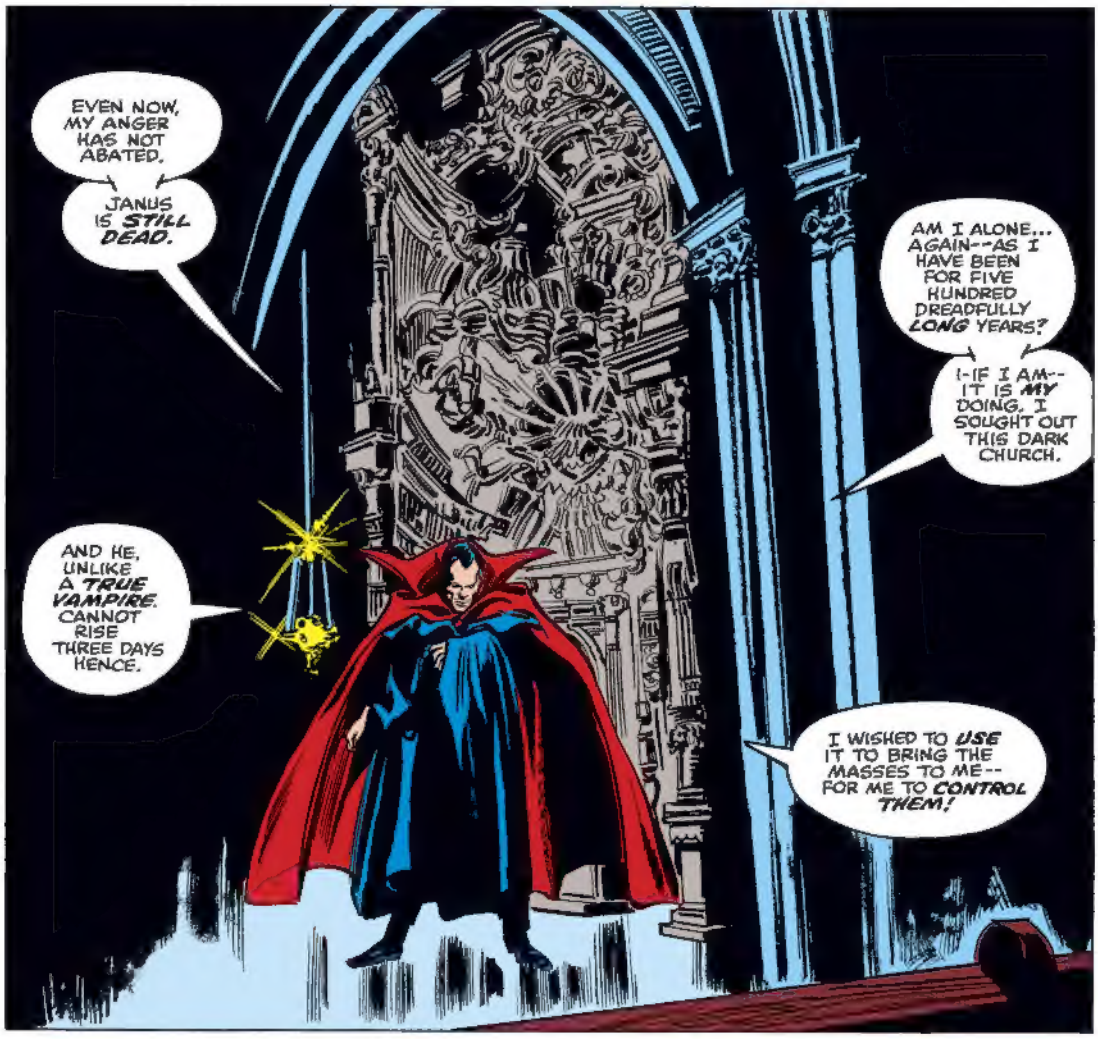
MY HEART SEETHES WITH ANGER AND MADNESS. EVEN NOW I STILL CAN SEE LUPESKI'S DAMNED HANDS CLUTCHING HIS EQUALLY DAMNABLE WEAPON...
BAMM
"...FIRING IT AT ME--PRAYING ITS SILVER BULLETS WOULD FINALLY SLAY ME.

"BUT, DAMN US BOTH--FOR I TURNED TO MIST EVEN AS HIS FINGERS SQUEEZED ON THE TRIGGER--
"--AND THE BULLETS MEANT TO KILL ME...

"...FLEW THROUGH MY INTANGIBLE FORM--
"--AND STRUCK JANUS!

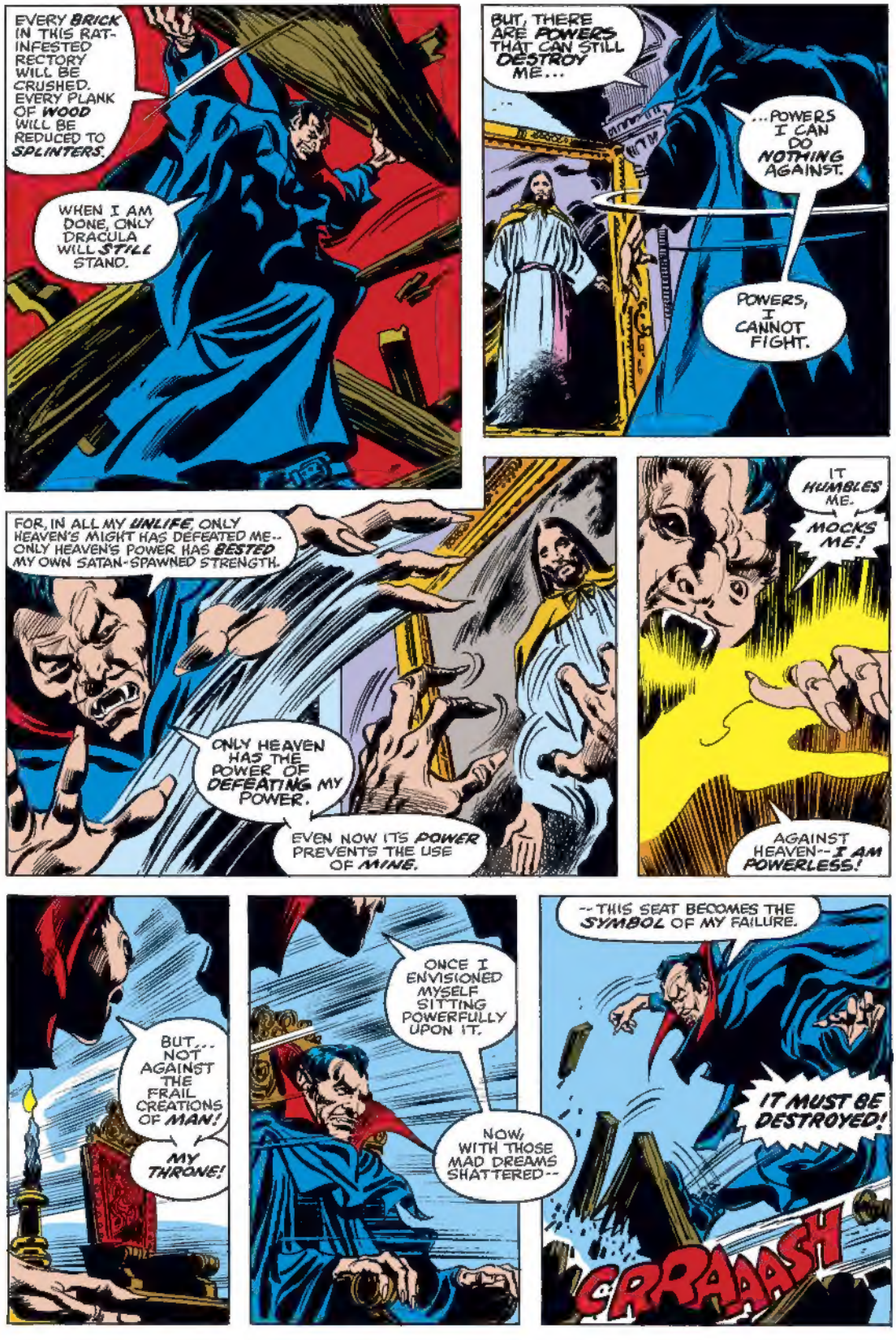
"HE WAS DEAD, AND FOR ONE FURIOUS MOMENT I LOST ALL CONTROL OVER MYSELF. I ATTACKED LUPESKI WITH THE RAGE THAT HAD SUDDENLY WELLED WITHIN ME.

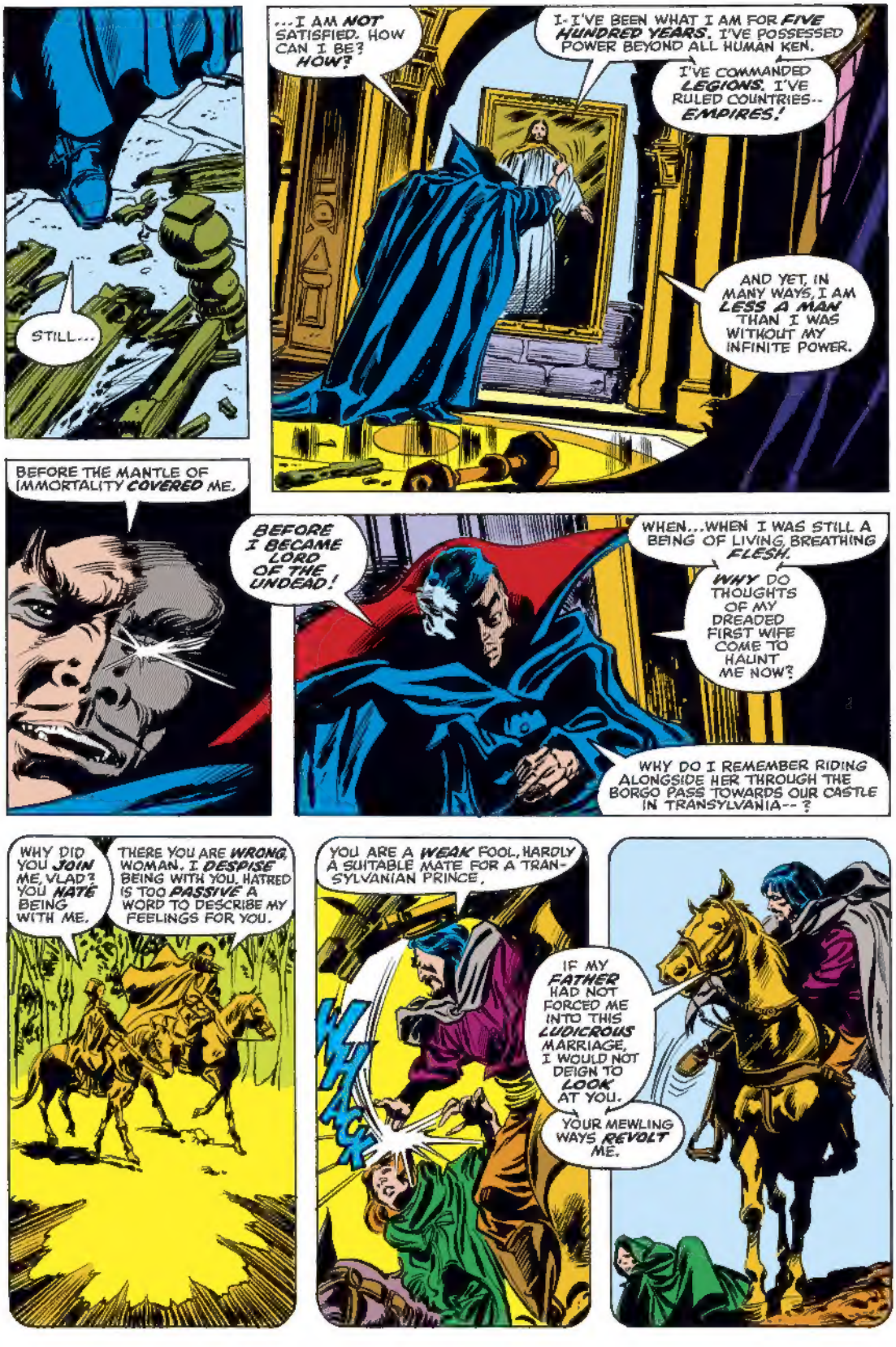
"AND, MAD WITH TOTAL HATE, I CRUSHED HIS PUNY FACE BETWEEN MY POWERFUL FINGERS.
AAARRRR
"AND I FELT HIS CARTILAGE REDUCE TO SLIVERS, AND HIS FLESH MASK TO PULP!


EVEN NOW, MY ANGER HAS NOT ABATED.
JANUS IS STILL DEAD.
AM I ALONE... AGAIN--AS I HAVE BEEN FOR FIVE HUNDRED DREADFULLY LONG YEARS?
I-IF I AM-- IT IS MY DOING. I SOUGHT OUT THIS DARK CHURCH.
AND HE, UNLIKE A TRUE VAMPIRE, CANNOT RISE THREE DAYS HENCE.
I WISHED TO USE IT TO BRING THE MASSES TO ME-- FOR ME TO CONTROL THEM!

CURSE THIS PLACE!
BECAUSE OF IT--MY SON IS DEAD.
BECAUSE OF IT, I AM ALONE!

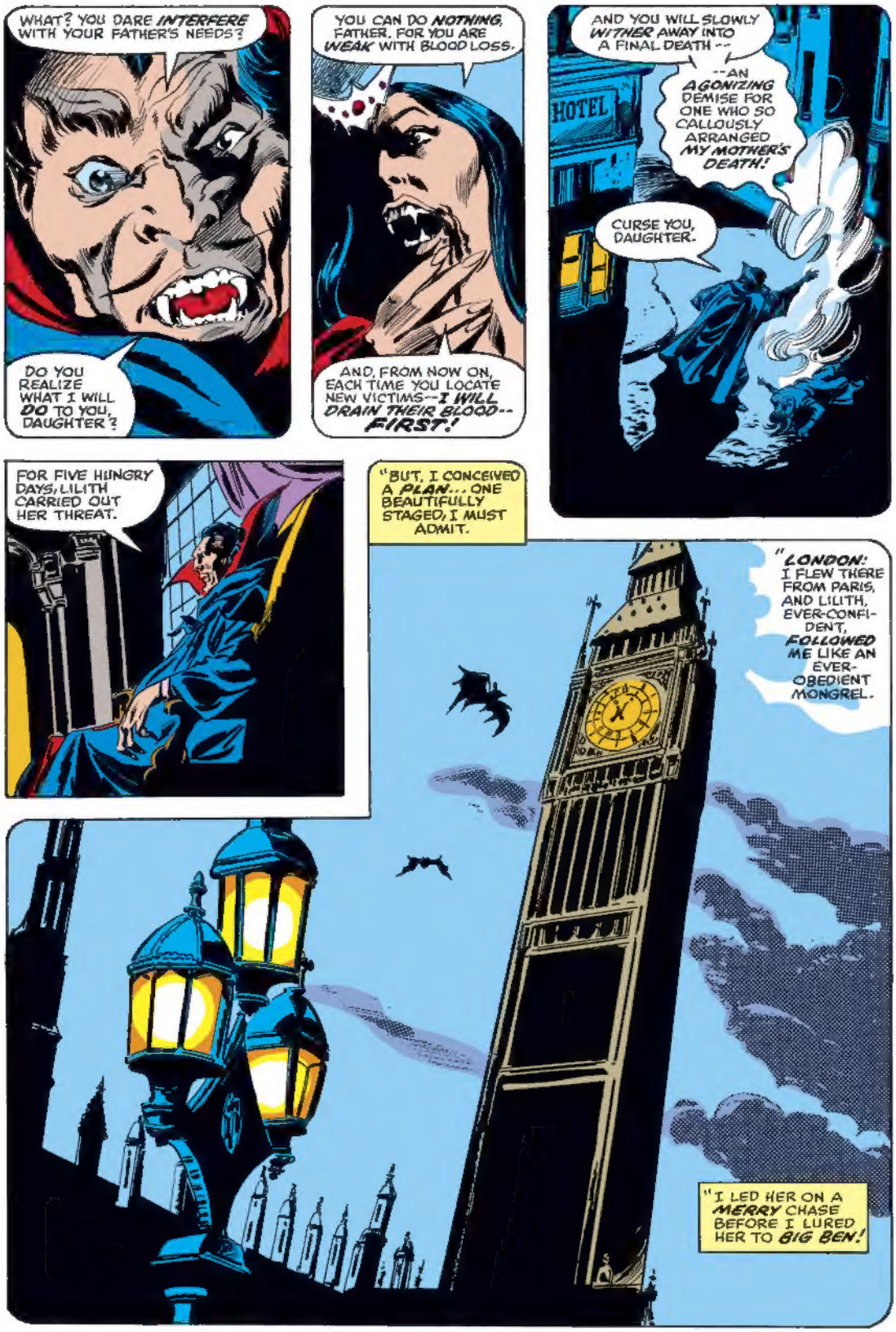
CRASH
B-BUT... I CAN STILL BE VICTORIOUS... EVEN IN DEFEAT.
FOR I CAN DESTROY EVERYTHING THAT STANDS ABOUT ME!

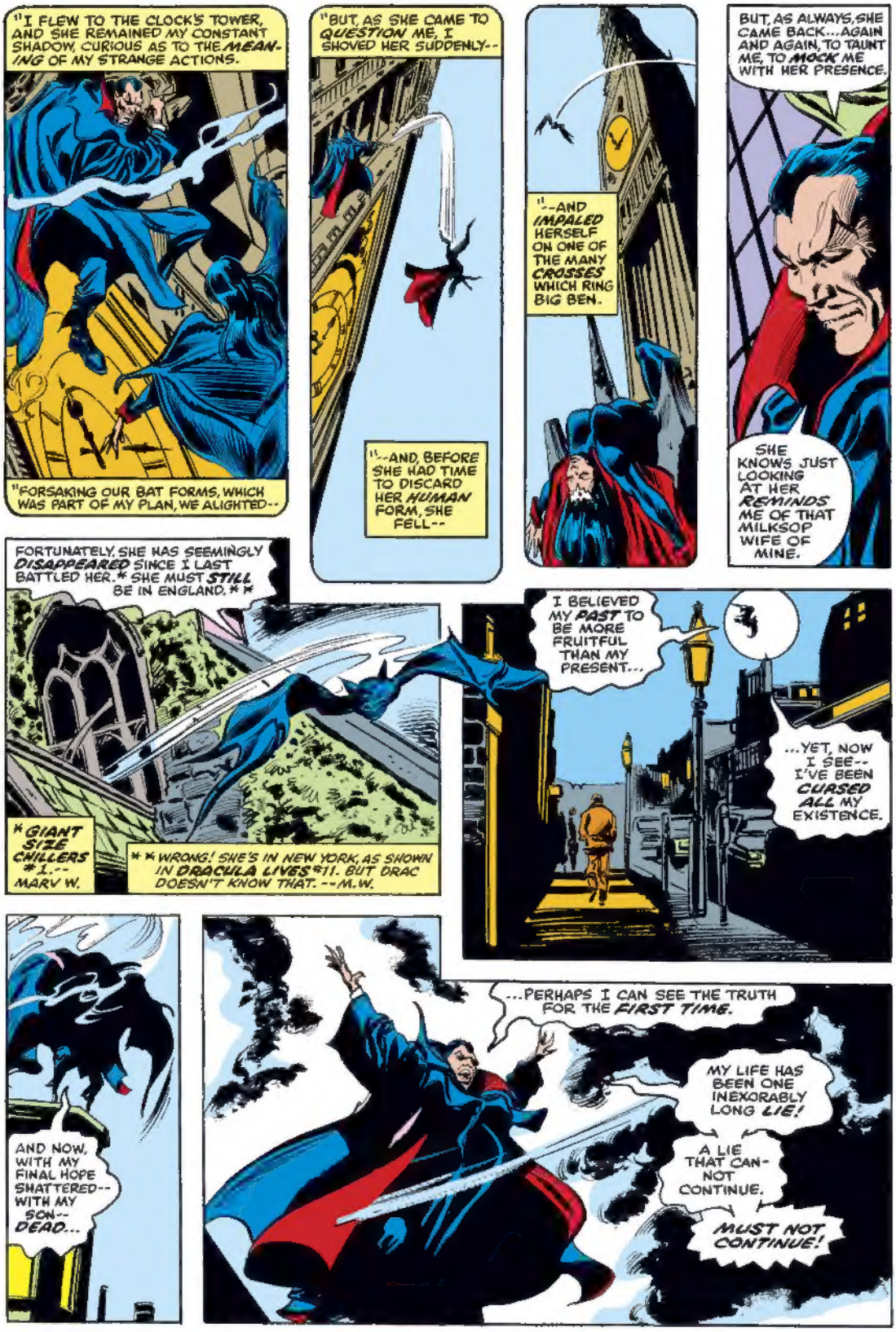

EVERY BRICK IN THIS RAT-INFESTED RECTORY WILL BE CRUSHED. EVERY PLANK OF WOOD WILL BE REDUCED TO SPLINTERS.
WHEN I AM DONE, ONLY DRACULA WILL STILL STAND.
BUT, THERE ARE POWERS THAT CAN STILL DESTROY ME...
...POWERS I CAN DO NOTHING AGAINST.
POWERS, I CANNOT FIGHT.
FOR, IN ALL MY UNLIFE, ONLY HEAVEN'S MIGHT HAS DEFEATED ME-- ONLY HEAVEN'S POWER HAS BESTED MY OWN SATAN-SPAWNED STRENGTH.
ONLY HEAVEN HAS THE POWER OF DEFEATING MY POWER.
EVEN NOW ITS POWER PREVENTS THE USE OF MINE.
IT HUMBLES ME.
MOCKS ME!
AGAINST HEAVEN-- I AM POWERLESS!
BUT... NOT AGAINST THE FRAIL CREATIONS OF MAN!
MY THRONE!
ONCE I ENVISIONED MYSELF SITTING POWERFULLY UPON IT.
NOW, WITH THOSE MAD DREAMS SHATTERED--
--THIS SEAT BECOMES THE SYMBOL OF MY FAILURE.
IT MUST BE DESTROYED!
CRRAAASH


STILL...
...I AM NOT SATISFIED. HOW CAN I BE? HOW?
I-I'VE BEEN WHAT I AM FOR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS. I'VE POSSESSED POWER BEYOND ALL HUMAN KEN.
I'VE COMMANDED LEGIONS. I'VE RULED COUNTRIES-- EMPIRES!
AND YET, IN MANY WAYS, I AM LESS A MAN THAN I WAS WITHOUT MY INFINITE POWER.
BEFORE THE MANTLE OF IMMORTALITY COVERED ME.
BEFORE I BECAME LORD OF THE UNDEAD!
WHEN...WHEN I WAS STILL A BEING OF LIVING, BREATHING FLESH.
WHY DO THOUGHTS OF MY DREADED FIRST WIFE COME TO HAUNT ME NOW?
WHY DO I REMEMBER RIDING ALONGSIDE HER THROUGH THE BORGO PASS TOWARDS OUR CASTLE IN TRANSYLVANIA--?
WHY DID YOU JOIN ME, VLAD? YOU HATE BEING WITH ME.
THERE YOU ARE WRONG, WOMAN. I DESPISE BEING WITH YOU. HATRED IS TOO PASSIVE A WORD TO DESCRIBE MY FEELINGS FOR YOU.
YOU ARE A WEAK FOOL, HARDLY A SUITABLE MATE FOR A TRANSYLVANIAN PRINCE.
WHACK
IF MY FATHER HAD NOT FORCED ME INTO THIS LUDICROUS MARRIAGE, I WOULD NOT DEIGN TO LOOK AT YOU.
YOUR MEWLING WAYS REVOLT ME.

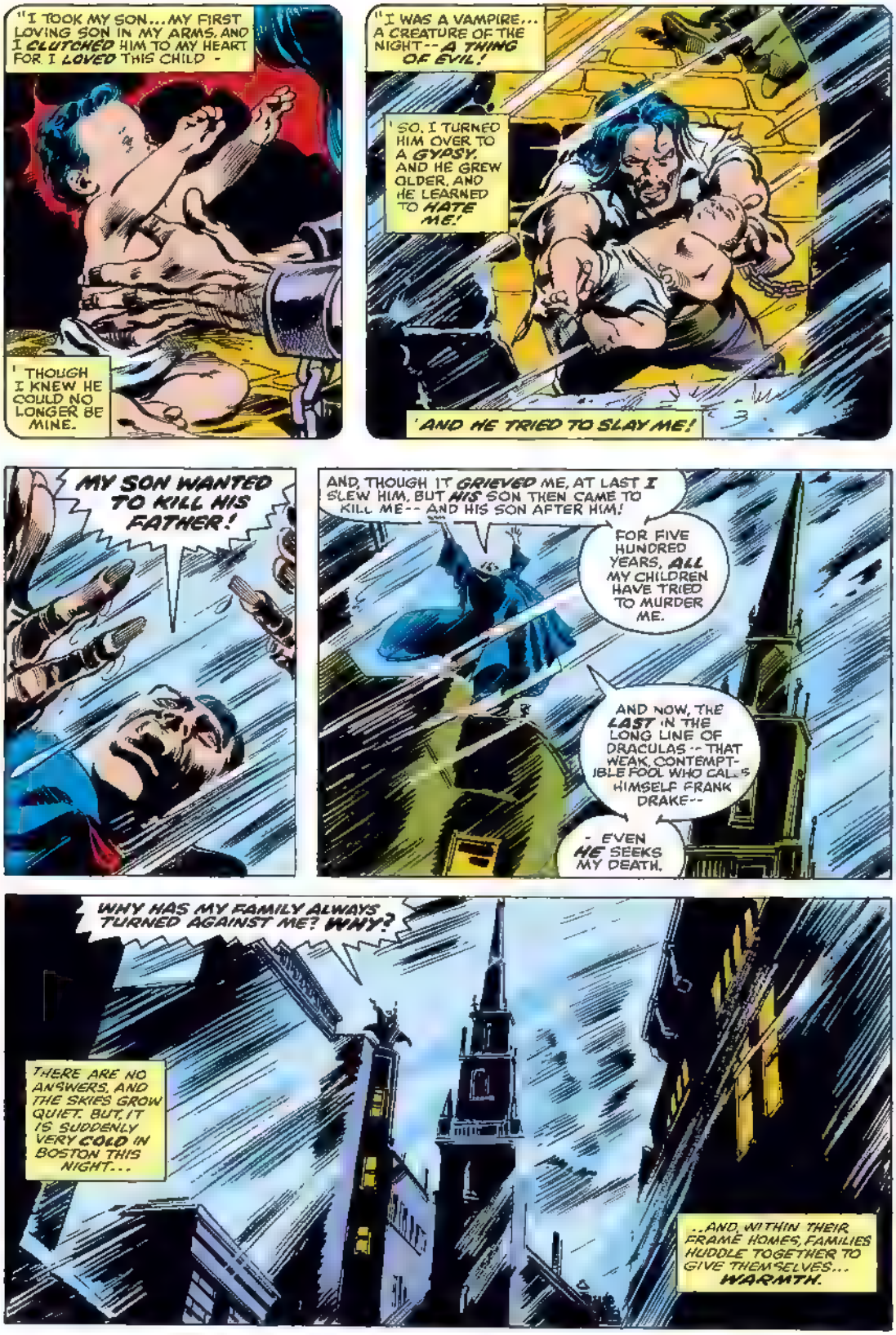
BUT, THIS IS ONLY A MARRIAGE OF STATE AND CONVENIENCE.
IT IS NOT ONE OF LOVE.
FOR THAT, I LOOK ELSEWHERE.
"I DELIGHTED IN TORTURING THAT WOMAN -- I WOULD SEAL HER INTO A COAL-BLACK TOWER, AND LET HER LISTEN AS I WOULD FIND LOVE IN OTHER, MORE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN...
HERE, SERVANT, YOU CAN APPROACH YOUR PRINCE.
BUT, SIRE -- YOUR WIFE -- BEHIND THAT DOOR...
BANG
BANG
IGNORE HER, WENCH. SHE IS MAD!
NOW, COME CLOSER. I WISH TO EXPLORE YOUR BEAUTY.
I WISH TO LOVE YOU.
BUT... SIRE... I AM ALREADY GIVEN.
UNNHH!
ENOUGH! I WILL NOT BE DENIED! DO YOU HEAR ME, WITCH?
NOW, YOU CAN NO LONGER LIVE TO TELL WHAT HAPPENED HERE.
SLAP
YOU WILL DIE -- AND ALL WILL LEARN OF YOUR TRAGIC "COACH ACCI-DENT."
NOOO!
WHY DO I REMEMBER THAT? I- I WAS ANOTHER MAN, THEN -- IRRATIONAL. I COULD NOT BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR MYSELF IN THAT ANCIENT TIME.
WRONG, FATHER. YOU ALWAYS KNEW WHAT YOU WERE DOING.
EVEN AS YOU DROVE POOR MOTHER INTO KILLING HERSELF -- SO YOU COULD WED YOUR SECOND WIFE, MARIA.
W-WHO --?

LILITH!?! MY DAUGHTER!
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
I WAS ALWAYS WITH YOU, FATHER. YOU CAN NOT SEPARATE YOURSELF FROM ME.
I AM PART OF YOUR MIND... PART OF YOUR PAST AND PRESENT AND--FUTURE.
YOU SEE, FATHER... I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU AND YOUR NEW FILTHY WIFE!
NO! YOU LIE! DAMN YOU, YOU--
GONE! AN ILLUSION.
NOTHING MORE, JUST A PHANTASM--TO REMIND ME HOW MUCH I LOVE MY WIFE-- HOW MUCH I HATE MY DAUGHTER... MY ONLY REMAINING OFFSPRING!
FOR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS WE'VE BEEN AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS!
I REMEMBER... THAT TIME IN PARIS.
"I'D BEEN WITHOUT BLOOD FOR TWO NIGHTS.
"WITH CARE, I TOOK TO THE STREETS, AND, AT LAST, FOUND A VICTIM.
"BUT, BEFORE I COULD TAKE WHAT I NEEDED..."
TOO LATE, FATHER. THIS ONE IS MINE!
HER BLOOD WILL STRENGTHEN ME-- NOT YOU!


WHAT? YOU DARE INTERFERE WITH YOUR FATHER'S NEEDS?
DO YOU REALIZE WHAT I WILL DO TO YOU, DAUGHTER?
YOU CAN DO NOTHING, FATHER. FOR YOU ARE WEAK WITH BLOOD LOSS.
AND, FROM NOW ON, EACH TIME YOU LOCATE NEW VICTIMS--I WILL DRAIN THEIR BLOOD--FIRST!
AND YOU WILL SLOWLY WITHER AWAY INTO A FINAL DEATH --
--AN AGONIZING DEMISE FOR ONE WHO SO CALLOUSLY ARRANGED MY MOTHER'S DEATH!
HOTEL
CURSE YOU, DAUGHTER.
FOR FIVE HUNGRY DAYS, LILITH CARRIED OUT HER THREAT.
"BUT, I CONCEIVED A PLAN... ONE BEAUTIFULLY STAGED, I MUST ADMIT.
"LONDON! I FLEW THERE FROM PARIS, AND LILITH, EVER-CONFIDENT, FOLLOWED ME LIKE AN EVER-OBEDIENT MONGREL.
"I LED HER ON A MERRY CHASE BEFORE I LURED HER TO BIG BEN!

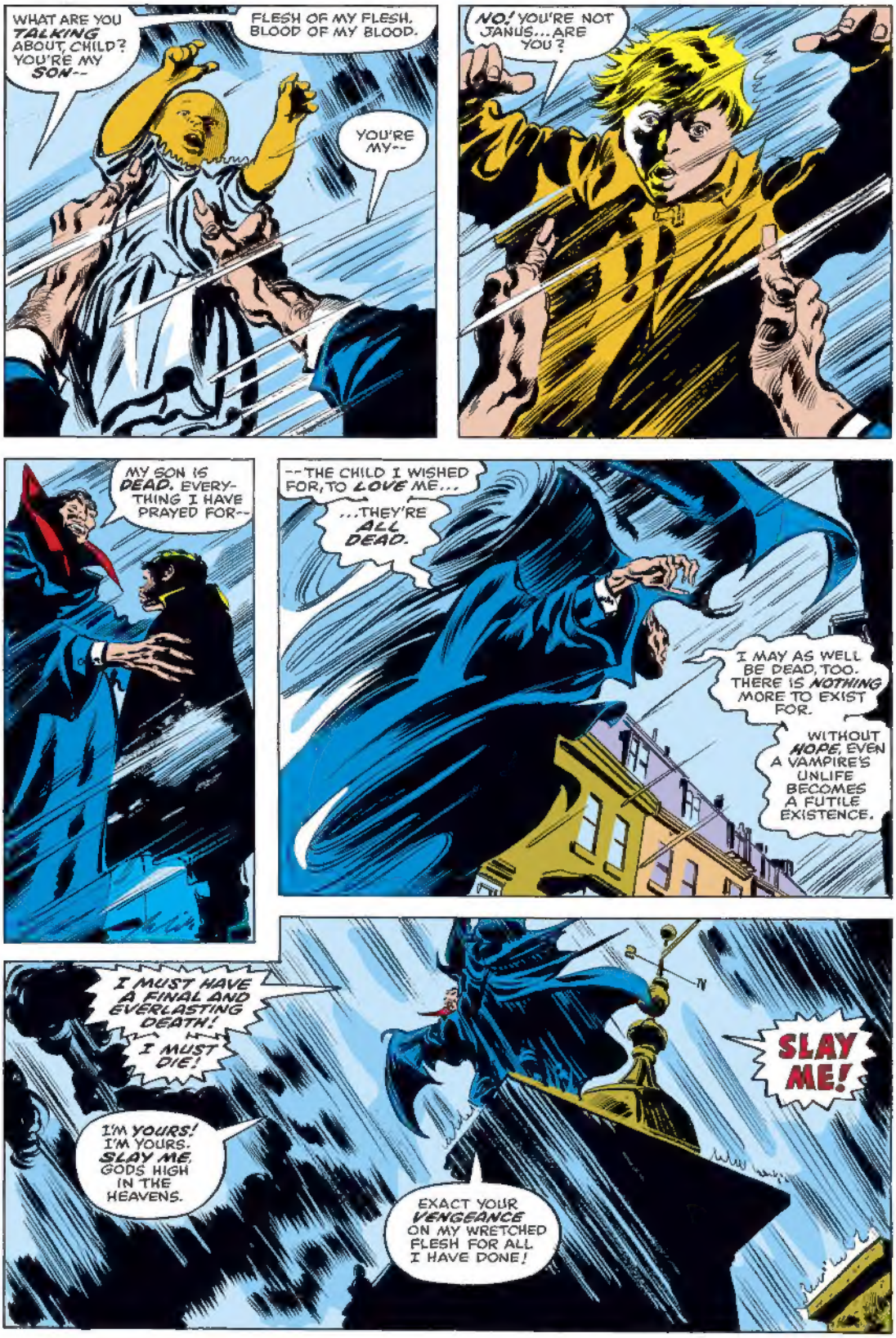

"I FLEW TO THE CLOCK'S TOWER, AND SHE REMAINED MY CONSTANT SHADOW, CURIOUS AS TO THE MEANING OF MY STRANGE ACTIONS.
"FORSAKING OUR BAT FORMS, WHICH WAS PART OF MY PLAN, WE ALIGHTED--
"BUT, AS SHE CAME TO QUESTION ME, I SHOVED HER SUDDENLY--
"--AND, BEFORE SHE HAD TIME TO DISCARD HER HUMAN FORM, SHE FELL--
"--AND IMPALED HERSELF ON ONE OF THE MANY CROSSES WHICH RING BIG BEN.
BUT, AS ALWAYS, SHE CAME BACK--AGAIN AND AGAIN, TO TAUNT ME, TO MOCK ME WITH HER PRESENCE.
SHE KNOWS JUST LOOKING AT HER REMINDS ME OF THAT MILKSOP WIFE OF MINE.
FORTUNATELY, SHE HAS SEEMINGLY DISAPPEARED SINCE I LAST BATTLED HER.* SHE MUST STILL BE IN ENGLAND.**
*GIANT SIZE CHILLERS #1.-- MARV W.
**WRONG! SHE'S IN NEW YORK, AS SHOWN IN DRACULA LIVES #11. BUT DRAC DOESN'T KNOW THAT. --M.W.
I BELIEVED MY PAST TO BE MORE FRUITFUL THAN MY PRESENT...
...YET, NOW I SEE-- I'VE BEEN CURSED ALL MY EXISTENCE.
AND NOW, WITH MY FINAL HOPE SHATTERED-- WITH MY SON-- DEAD...
...PERHAPS I CAN SEE THE TRUTH FOR THE FIRST TIME.
MY LIFE HAS BEEN ONE INEXORABLY LONG LIE!
A LIE THAT CAN-NOT CONTINUE.
MUST NOT CONTINUE!

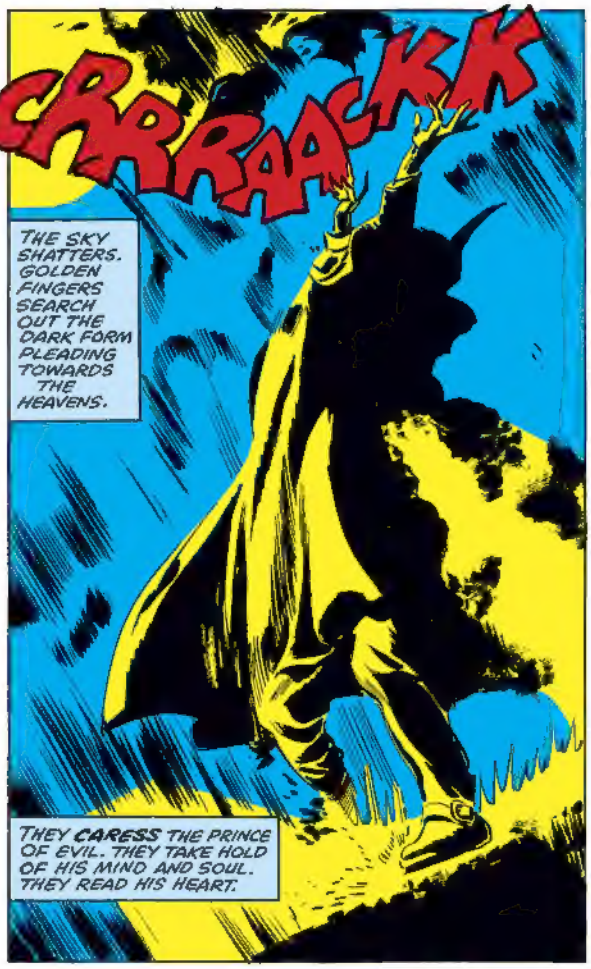
I SUMMON THEE, STORM AND THUNDER! I SUMMON THEE AS IS MY POWER!
KRRRAACK!!
AND, WITH MERELY A WORD, THE STORM CLOUDS GATHER WITH AN OMINOUS OVATION. LIGHTNING SPLITS THE SUDDENLY SKYSCAPE WITH GOLDEN FLASHES OF FROZEN FIRE
HELL BRIMS OVER THIS DARKLING EVE.
QUINCY! LOOK, IT'S A STORM. BUT THE WEATHER FORECAST--
...CALLED FOR A CLEAR NIGHT, MR. DRAKE ?
THIS CAN ONLY BE DRACULA'S DOING. DRACULA'S WRATH AT THE DEATH OF HIS SON.
WHY HAVE I BEEN DAMNED ? WHY HAS MY LIFE BEEN SUCH A MOCKERY ?
WHY HAS EVERYTHING I HAVE EVER LOVED-- BEEN STOLEN FROM ME?
WHY, DAMN IT-- WHY?
"MY SECOND WIFE--MY MARIA, THE ONLY WOMAN I EVER LOVED UNTIL DOMINI CAME INTO MY LIFE--
"--I REMEMBER THE TURK FONDLING HER AS I WATCHED... A HELPLESS CAPTIVE.
"I SAW MARIA SPURN HIS ADVANCES, AND, IN ANGER, HE FLUNG MY WIFE TO THE FLOOR.
THUD
ONLY, SHE STRUCK HER HEAD UPON A STONE COLUMN-- AND SHE DIED!
"AND, WITH ALL THE STRENGTH I COULD MUSTER, I BROKE FREE FROM MY SHACKLES-- AND SLEW THE BUTCHER
"I CRUSHED HIM AS I CRUSHED LUPESKI
"BUT, HIS DEATH FAILED TO QUELL MY RAGE-- EVEN AS LUPESKI'S END FAILED TO GIVE ME SATISFACTION FOR JANUS'S DEATH.


"I TOOK MY SON... MY FIRST LOVING SON IN MY ARMS, AND I CLUTCHED HIM TO MY HEART FOR I LOVED THIS CHILD -
' THOUGH I KNEW HE COULD NO LONGER BE MINE.
"I WAS A VAMPIRE... A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT-- A THING OF EVIL!
' SO, I TURNED HIM OVER TO A GYPSY, AND HE GREW OLDER, AND HE LEARNED TO HATE ME!
' AND HE TRIED TO SLAY ME!
MY SON WANTED TO KILL HIS FATHER!
AND, THOUGH IT GRIEVED ME, AT LAST I SLEW HIM, BUT HIS SON THEN CAME TO KILL ME-- AND HIS SON AFTER HIM!
FOR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS, ALL MY CHILDREN HAVE TRIED TO MURDER ME.
AND NOW, THE LAST IN THE LONG LINE OF DRACULAS -- THAT WEAK, CONTEMPTIBLE FOOL WHO CALLS HIMSELF FRANK DRAKE--
- EVEN HE SEEKS MY DEATH.
WHY HAS MY FAMILY ALWAYS TURNED AGAINST ME? WHY?
THERE ARE NO ANSWERS, AND THE SKIES GROW QUIET. BUT, IT IS SUDDENLY VERY COLD IN BOSTON THIS NIGHT...
...AND, WITHIN THEIR FRAME HOMES, FAMILIES HUDDLE TOGETHER TO GIVE THEMSELVES... WARMTH.

MY BROTHERS ALL HAD CHILDREN WHO LOVED THEM. I NEVER DID.
AND NOW... MY LAST HOPE--
--IS DEAD AS WINTER LEAVES.
AND IN THE END, I COULD SAY MANKIND IS RESPONSIBLE.
THEY FORCED ME TO CONQUER THEM-- FOR THEY WOULD NOT LET ME LIVE...
...AND FEED, AS IS MY WONT
ALL I EVER ASKED FOR WAS THEIR BLOOD.
AND THEY HUNTED ME DOWN LIKE A WILD WOLF.
THE CONTEMPTIBLE FOOLS. IF THEY GAVE ME WHAT I NEEDED, THEY WOULD ALL HAVE IMMORTALITY.
BUT THEIR NARROW-MINDEDNESS COST ME MY SON--
--AND THEM, THEIR LIVES!

WE COULD HAVE LIVED SIDE-BY-SIDE, WE COULD HAVE SURVIVED TOGETHER.
I WOULD NOT HAVE LEFT TRANSYLVANIA I WOULD NOT HAVE SOUGHT THE LIFE-GIVING ELIXIR ELSEWHERE.
BUT THEY FORCED ME TO BECOME A SCAVENGER
AND I WANTED NOTHING MORE THAN TO LIVE-- TO SURVIVE!
HOLD, WOMAN! I HAVE NEED OF YOU THIS COLD, DARK EVE.
M-MOMMY!?
MOMMY!
A CHILD? YOU BROUGHT YOUR SON WITH YOU, WOMAN?
YOUR--
JANUS?
YOU'RE ALIVE?
JANUS...COME HERE...COME TO YOUR FATHER!
JANUS!
NO. PLEASE-- DON'T RUN!
B-BUT...I'M RANDY. I-I'M NOT JANUS.
REALLY, MISTER. I'M NOT!

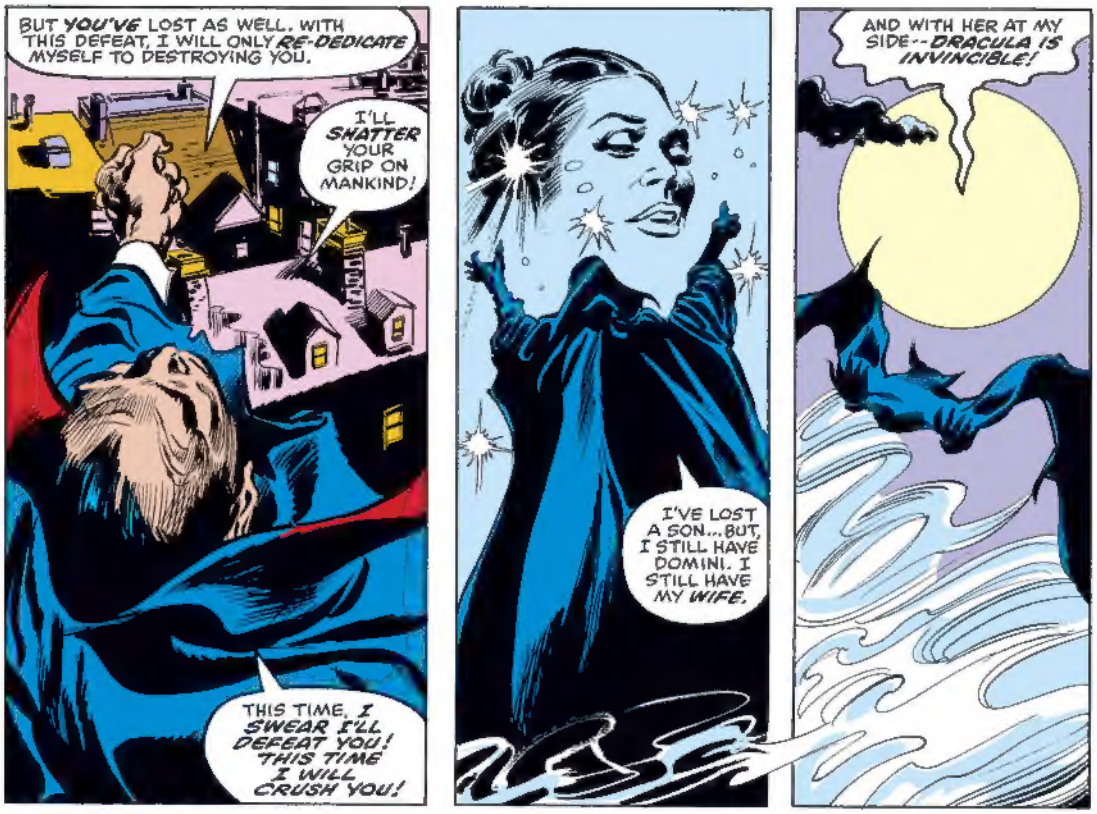

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, CHILD? YOU'RE MY SON--
FLESH OF MY FLESH. BLOOD OF MY BLOOD.
YOU'RE MY--
NO! YOU'RE NOT JANUS... ARE YOU?
MY SON IS DEAD. EVERY-THING I HAVE PRAYED FOR--
--THE CHILD I WISHED FOR, TO LOVE ME...
...THEY'RE ALL DEAD.
I MAY AS WELL BE DEAD, TOO. THERE IS NOTHING MORE TO EXIST FOR.
WITHOUT HOPE, EVEN A VAMPIRE'S UNLIFE BECOMES A FUTILE EXISTENCE.
I MUST HAVE A FINAL AND EVERLASTING DEATH!
I MUST DIE!
I'M YOURS! I'M YOURS. SLAY ME, GODS HIGH IN THE HEAVENS.
EXACT YOUR VENGEANCE ON MY WRETCHED FLESH FOR ALL I HAVE DONE!
SLAY ME!

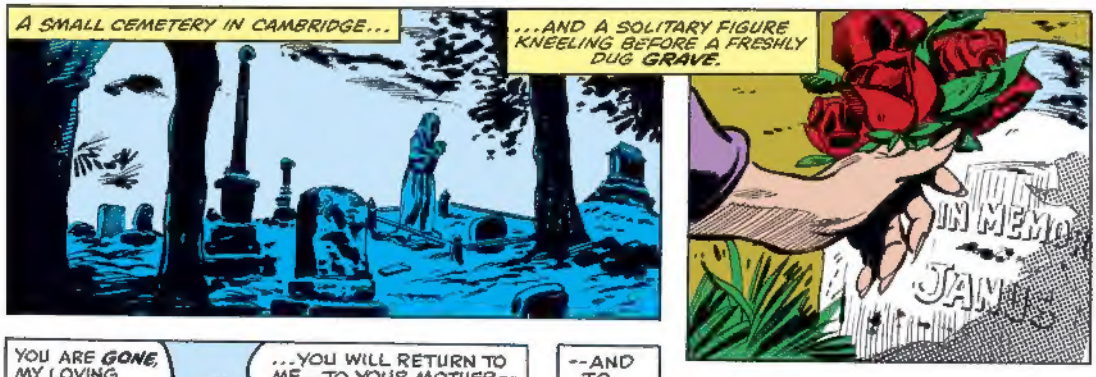

CRRRAACKK
THE SKY SHATTERS. GOLDEN FINGERS SEARCH OUT THE DARK FORM PLEADING TOWARDS THE HEAVENS.
THEY CARESS THE PRINCE OF EVIL. THEY TAKE HOLD OF HIS MIND AND SOUL. THEY READ HIS HEART.

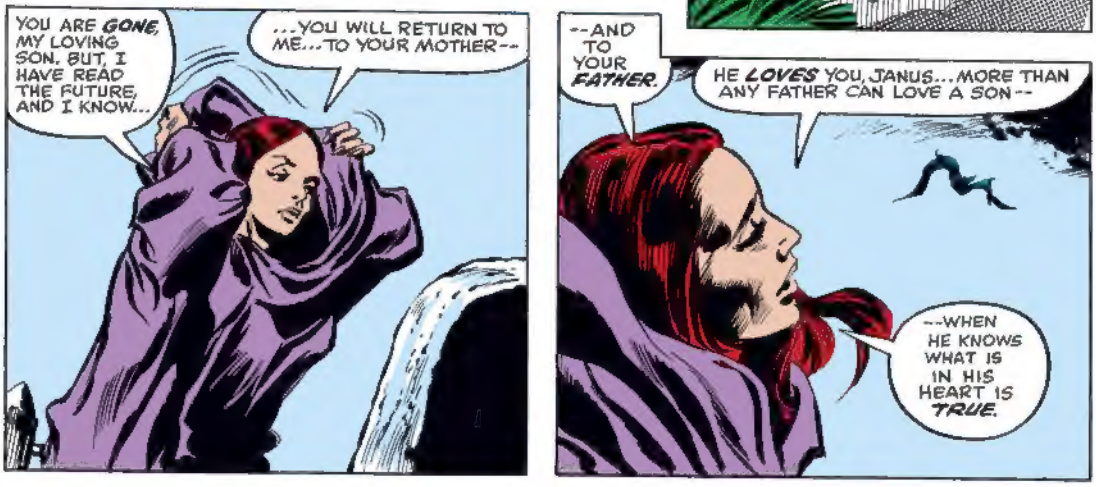
AND THEN, THEY FADE. IT IS OVER. THE NIGHT IS ENDING. THE STORM HAS PASSED.
AND HELL HAS LOST!

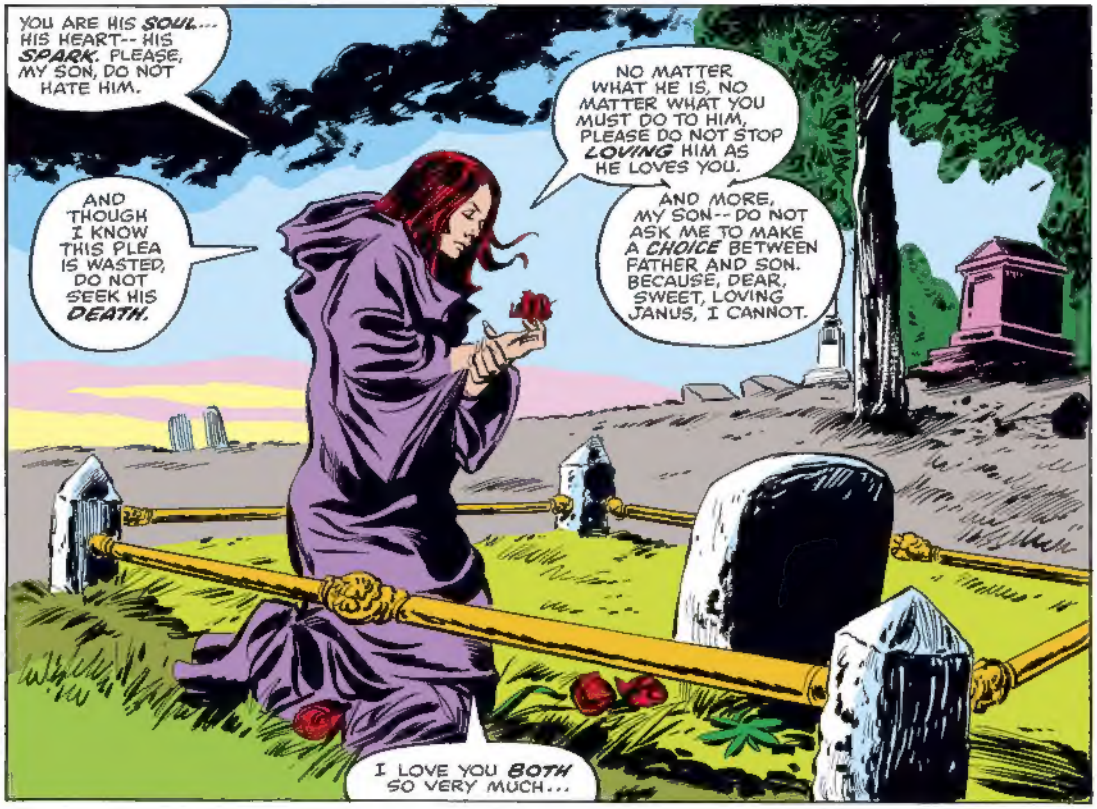
YOU WON'T LET ME DIE, WILL YOU?
YOU WISH TO MOCK ME AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN!
YOU WANT ME TO SUFFER, DON'T YOU?

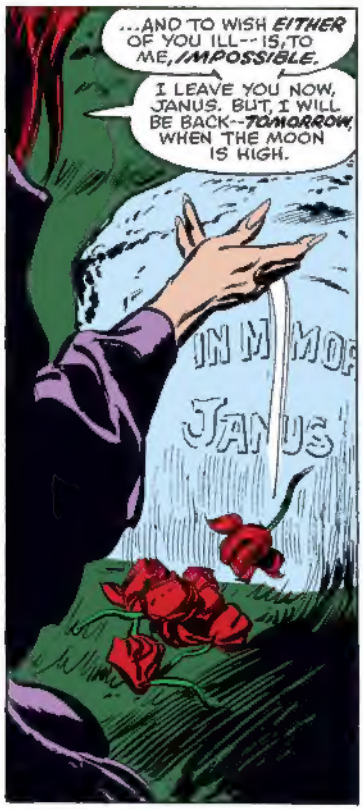
YES... YES... I KNOW! YOU WON'T GIVE ME RESPITE.
AND I... WAS A DAMNED FOOL TO ASK FOR IT.
A FOOL, BECAUSE YOU MADE ME HUMBLE MYSELF. YOU MADE ME CRAWL FOR SALVATION.
AND DAMNED-- FOR I AM DRACULA. AND DRACULA IS SYNONYMOUS WITH DAMNATION!


BUT YOU'VE LOST AS WELL. WITH THIS DEFEAT, I WILL ONLY RE-DEDICATE MYSELF TO DESTROYING YOU.
I'LL SHATTER YOUR GRIP ON MANKIND!
THIS TIME, I SWEAR I'LL DEFEAT YOU! THIS TIME I WILL CRUSH YOU!
I'VE LOST A SON...BUT, I STILL HAVE DOMINI. I STILL HAVE MY WIFE.
AND WITH HER AT MY SIDE--DRACULA IS INVINCIBLE!


A SMALL CEMETERY IN CAMBRIDGE...
...AND A SOLITARY FIGURE KNEELING BEFORE A FRESHLY DUG GRAVE.
IN MEMO
JAN


YOU ARE GONE, MY LOVING SON. BUT, I HAVE READ THE FUTURE, AND I KNOW...
...YOU WILL RETURN TO ME...TO YOUR MOTHER--
--AND TO YOUR FATHER.
HE LOVES YOU, JANUS...MORE THAN ANY FATHER CAN LOVE A SON--
--WHEN HE KNOWS WHAT IS IN HIS HEART IS TRUE.


YOU ARE HIS SOUL... HIS HEART-- HIS SPARK. PLEASE, MY SON, DO NOT HATE HIM.
NO MATTER WHAT HE IS, NO MATTER WHAT YOU MUST DO TO HIM, PLEASE DO NOT STOP LOVING HIM AS HE LOVES YOU.
AND THOUGH I KNOW THIS PLEA IS WASTED, DO NOT SEEK HIS DEATH.
AND MORE, MY SON-- DO NOT ASK ME TO MAKE A CHOICE BETWEEN FATHER AND SON. BECAUSE, DEAR, SWEET, LOVING JANUS, I CANNOT.
I LOVE YOU BOTH SO VERY MUCH...


...AND TO WISH EITHER OF YOU ILL--IS, TO ME, IMPOSSIBLE.
I LEAVE YOU NOW, JANUS. BUT, I WILL BE BACK--TOMORROW, WHEN THE MOON IS HIGH.
JANUS

I WILL RETURN WITH THE PROPER WORDS.
WE WILL BE BACK TOGETHER... TOGETHER...
...AND THERE WILL BE AN UNSPOKEN PRAYER IN MY HEART FOR US ALL.

NEXT ISSUE: RESURRECTION!